New York Tribune

First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials —Advertisements

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Germany's Territorial Losses

Germany's area is reduced one-sixth by the peace terms imposed on her. It may be reduced one-fifth if the plebiscites in the Saar Valley, in Schleswig and in East Prussia go against her. The area absolutely alienated totals 34,437 square miles. That subject to plebiscites totals 9,310 square miles.

This reduction looks more serious than it is. In an economic and military sense Germany is only slightly crippled by her territorial losses. The parts amputated are on the outer fringes of the German state. Excepting the small area of the Saar Valley and the Briey mineral region in Lorraine, no imporant industrial districts are alienated. Most of the territory marked for cession is inhabited by disaffected populations whom Germany has been unable to assimilate. Alsace-Lorraine, North Schleswig and Posen were liabilities as well as assets.

The greatest shrinkage occurs in the East, where a small fraction of Silesia, nearly all of Posen and nearly all of West Prussia west of the Vistula are to be surrendered to Poland; Danzig is to be internationalized, a strip about Memel is to be yielded and West Prussia east of the Vistula and the southern third of East Prussia are to be disposed of by referendums. This part of Prussia is agricultural and economically stagnant. It has been of great value, however, as a base of operations in case of war with Russia. Now that Poland has been interposed as a buffer state and Russia has ceased to be a great power, Germany would no longer have needed a strong Eastern military frontier, even if the Allies had allowed her to retain her old character as a militarist state.

With all these cessions of territory, plebiscite sections included, Germany loses only about 7,000,000 inhabitants—one-tenth of her population—most of them strongly anti-German in blood and sentiment. And her losses, both in area and in population, would be more than covered if the peace conference should leave the door open for a union between Germany and what is left of Austria.

Marshal Foch's dissatisfaction with the treaty arises from the fact that, as a soldier, he prefers territorial guarantees of security to economic. He sees Germany again in possession of the west bank of the Rhine after fifteen years, and perhaps a changed balance of power in Europe which will permit Germany to break her economic chains. He would feel safer if France had secured spot cash reparation in the shape of permanent possession of the Rhine Valley. France has now practically the old eastern frontier of 1870. And that frontier was untenable against German armies mobilized in the Rhine Province, with bases at Mainz and Cologne.

But Germany is shackled in an economic way, provided the Allies have the moral perseverance to enforce the provisions of the treaty over a term of thirty or forty years.

Georges Clemenceau

To stout old Georges Clemenceau, he of the battered hat, of the baggy clothes, of the straggly mustache and of the countenance as seamed as the trenched landscape of Picardy, fell the honor of delivering the peace treaty to the German delegates. In a few words, but with every syllable freighted with vigor and frankness, he discharged the obligation. Open diplomacy! Here is its most distinguished practitioner!

Felicitations to this rugged old hero, as homely as Lincoln and of the hickory fibre of Andrew Jackson! France has the glory of furnishing the great personal figures of the war. Joffre, planning and directing the Battle of the Marne; Foch, the generalissimo, timing and carrying through the most complicated mass movement in military history; Clemenceau, the civilian, animating France with his own spirit—here are three men to be celebrated as long as human fingers hold pens and brushes.

Let no one begrudge France the honor, for on her was laid the greatest burden. Geography and history have assigned to France, as Clemenceau has remarked, the duty of opposing for 2,000 years a barbarism beyond the Rhine hitherto intractable to education. Between the Alps, the river and the sea is a basin where occurred a fusion of the empiricism of the North and the idealism of the South, and its population has been engaged in a never-ceasing duel, has felt the first blows of organizations of violence. And in the last and greatest crisis Georges Clemenceau becomes the prophet of this people, inspiring them to sacrifice their bodies to keep their souls safe, and serving them as moral leader also serving the world.

Georges Clemenceau! Realist and idealist, the two great elements mingle and become one in you. Clear of intellect and fiery of heart, you saw and felt major truths—were never fooled by minor ones. Your feelings poured out like lava streams, but were guided. In her dark hour France called you to your great task. You believed, and a man of faith made others believe. Hear the man himself:

"They are attempting a death-blow against my right to existence, against the virtue of the blood in my race, against my irrepressible need to advance through the course of ages, following the traditions and the principles of a history in which, through my fathers, I have had a part—a history which is not the least noble portion, perhaps, of the deeds of the human race.

"They are attempting a death-blow—to the most radiant of the hopes that guide men through the perilous mazes of a destiny the riddle of which is possibly in the fact that it is only what it is, but which is the more precious to me, nevertheless, on account of my attempts to honor it."

As as person, as a Frenchman and as a citizen of the world Clemenceau was filled with the wrath that stirs the righteous when facing gigantic wrong. Into him entered contempt for those who sought to excuse a cowardly mentality and who have since sought not to forgive the sinner but to condone the sin.

Amending While Ratifying

May the Senate amend and by the same act ratify a treaty, and may the amendment prove effective without invalidating the ratification?

In 1890 the Senate, when passing on the African slave trade convention, declared, "Resolved, further, *as a part of this act of ratification*," and then set out reservations.

In 1906 the Senate, when passing on the Algeciras convention, similarly declared: "Resolved, further, That the Senate, *as part of this act of ratification*," and then set out reservations.

Both of the treaties went into effect, with the United States a party thereto. The other parties, in one instance, expressed assent to the reservation, and in the other, following the common sense of the law of contract, implied assent by acceptance.

With regard to Article X and the Monroe Doctrine the Senate, it would appear, may make reservations, and the treaty is valid if there is no dissent. It may be assumed no nation will scrap the peace agreement if the Senate sees fit to attach limiting addenda.

The Piloted Covenant

The covenant, although positive defects remain, is to be regarded as greatly strengthened by various items in the peace treaty, and particularly by the pledge of the President and Prime Minister Lloyd George to do all in their power to secure an engagement to pledge to France protection against Germany.

On the league is laid specific obligations touching the supervision of acts in the common interest. It will thus have business to do, and if it has business in any genuine sense to do one set of objections to the machinery proposed is swept away. Few will object to the creation of machinery for the performance of specified acts. The covenant has seemed valueless because in its first form it was dutiless.

The engagement to protect France, if made, is of greater significance. In theory the two obligations are distinct, but the three nations to enter into the special alliance are likely to control also the policy of the greater league. It is to be assumed that their agents in one jurisdiction will follow a course similar to that pursued in the other. Thus the two proposals interlock. If Italy shall join in the pledge to France, and Japan likewise, the league of five will have a majority of the executive council of the great league.

Thus there is practical abandonment of the doctrine of the Manchester speech wherein was repudiated Clemenceau's alliance proposal. The President has greatly modified his opinion, and the covenant, if controlled as it promises to be, takes on a character essentially different from that it first bore.

Railway Anodynes

Mr. Hines, Director General of Railroads, reports a railroad deficit of $192,000,000 during the first three months of 1919, but then says that "the present conditions are too abnormal to serve as a basis for any general change in the level of rates and it is preferable to defer action on the subject until there shall have been a fuller opportunity to get a more reliable measure of conditions."

Would Mr. Hines were less of a pamphleteer and more addicted to giving facts coldly! Why solicitude to guide public opinion? Why the careful nonmention of reasons which more than abnormality in traffic have caused the deficit?

Operating revenues for the quarter were up $300,000,000, or 37 per cent over the corresponding months of the last three years of private operation. Surely no slender gain. The increase in income was all that could be expected.

But the railroads, taking in 37 per cent more, disbursed 81 per cent more. Operating expenses swelled $462,000,000, or 81 per cent, chiefly because railway wages are up $600 per employe. An increase was necessary; the compensation to many railway workers was absurdly low. Railroad managers had long acknowledged the fact and begged for higher rates so as to be able to pay more. But why confuse the public by undue emphasis on the abnormality of traffic conditions?

The freight movement in January and February was as great as during the same months last year. March showed a decrease, but in March a year ago vast supplies of long distance freight moved to ports, to shipyards and to fabricating plants. Bearing in mind that an increase in rates tends to hold down shipments, and remembering the new competition of the truck companies and that a year ago war preparations were at a maximum, it would seem last year's March rather than this year's March is to be deemed abnormal.

Many rates are now all the traffic will bear and no considerable increase in traffic is to be expected. If rates are given another boost local centres of industry and distribution will grow at the expense of the big centres, thus automatically lessening the length of haul and bringing down the ton-mile figures.

The halcyon days when in many lines it was little necessary to consider rates, seem to have passed. A force which has steadily made for the national integration of America is weaker, and important will be the indirect effects. It was to be. Government operation has small repute, but private railroad managers, despite their marvellous skill in finding ways to offset rising labor and material costs, could not much longer have kept ahead of the pursuing hounds of mounting expenses. Rates were too low, just as the railroad men said. The first victims were the security holders, who saw their property shrink in value, but involved with them were the unorganized railway employes, whose compensation fell below the level of decent subsistence. The government happened to take charge when dammed waters were about to break through.

It behooves citizens, especially those not greatly blessed with wealth, to give common-sense consideration to the railroad question. Foolishness and demagogy and protestation won't help. Almost everything squeezable has been squeezed from the small investors, who, chiefly, own the railroads. Little more fat is here. The consequences of folly will hereafter fall on producers, in less for products, and on consumers, in higher living costs. The widening margin between the two sets of prices is the chasm to be bridged, and it can be bridged only by eliminating unnecessary expense, by a better plant and better methods, by stopping leaks now draining railway income. Full crew laws and all the interfering regulations that wastefully absorb large sums concern the public. We, the people, are hereafter to pay the bills.

Here is an irrepealable and unescapable economic law. Private ownership, rightly established, may do some good, but in itself will be no panacea. If conditions now existent continue, no great gain can be anticipated from a shift of management.

The railroad administration, ceasing to palter, should take the public into its confidence. This it has not done. It has feared the people could not be trusted with the cold and clammy truth. Mr. McAdoo and Mr. Hines both have lacked moral courage—have apprehended personal or political consequences if they shocked the country by open declarations. They have dispensed anodynes, and these furnish no remedy. No more dodging postponements, but a bold and frank leadership! The railroads are service agencies, and as such belong to the public, and the public, if treated openly, will be able to take care of its own.

Treason to Hearst

Arthur Brisbane is guilty of high treason to William Randolph Hearst. In commenting on the peace treaty in *The American* he writes: "Marshal Foch who really DID win the war is the most recent complainer."

It was not necessary for Mr. Brisbane to have recourse to upper case letters in order to make his offence a capital one. "DID," indeed! Does not every reader of the Hearst newspapers know that the only part played in the war by England and France after our entry was to watch and to criticise? Has not Mr. Hearst pointed out a score of times that the French and English shifted the burden completely to our shoulders?

Is it possible that three full page Hearst editorials failed to convince Mr. Brisbane that the war was won by Burleson, Baker and Daniels? There still is another possibility, but it will hardly avail in the defence of the culprit if he is brought to trial for his offence. Can it be that Mr. Brisbane is unmoved by the lure of the little flags and reads nothing in *The American* but his own back page column?

A Bad Start

Brockdorff-Rantzau made a bad start when he replied to Clemenceau:

"It is demanded from us that we shall confess ourselves to be the only ones guilty of the war. Such a confession in my mouth would be a lie.

The German government and the German people, one supporting and urging on the other, alone were guilty. This is the foundation of the war and the capstone of the peace. No health can be regarded as returning to Germany until the great fact is admitted by Germany—not for the satisfaction of her adversaries, for they already know the truth, but for the sake of Germany.

The evidence is familiar. There is no need to review it. One day the world was at peace and the next at war. Germany, refusing all offers of conference and arbitration, attacked.

As long as Germany is enamoured of a lie she deservedly will be denied trust.

The Conning Tower

OUR ALLIES' FOLK-SONGS

I.

Lullaby

[From the Liberian]

Hush, little child,
Weep no longer;
Lie here on your mother's arm,
Softly.
Hush, little child.

Our translation department is at work on a Lullaby from the Ecuadorian, which will appear to-morrow.

Our Own Travelogues

Our guide was showing us about the magnificent palace and grounds the while he lectured eloquently on how Louis XIII started the project and Louis XIV proceeded to break the French bank in an effort to complete it. "And was the gentleman known to his friends as a shave-tail?" I ventured. "Why do you ask?" chirped the guide, easylike. "Well, he was the second Looey here, wasn't he?" Whereupon I was brutally attacked by a mob of angry members of the far-famed A. E. F.

PVT. J. W. G.
Versailles, France. Combat Officers' Depot.

One more wallop at Mr. Burleson is only a drop on the duck's back. Still, it may not be his fault that the $60 bonus, applied for in February by a soldier discharged December 3, hasn't reached him yet.

There is only one way—a Bolshevist, sabotageous way it is, perhaps—to get square with the P. O. Department. This Minaret of Momentousness no longer prints wheezes to the effect that M. Balmer is an undertaker.

Nature Note

After their winter holiday,
Our wrens came back,
Winging unharmed from southern lands
their way
By airy track.

"Though for a while we love to roam,
Old friends are best,"
Said they; and spite of proverbs, are at
home
In last year's nest.

G. S. B.

Some of the returned soldiers think that prohibition was "put over" on them; that it wouldn't have happened if they had been home. How about suffrage? How about the Times Square shuttle? How about the child labor laws in some states?

"I Don't Belong Here"

Sir: Careful research has revealed the fact that 46,374,401 men will be saying after July 1st, with reference to these beloved States of ours, "I don't belong here." H. L. V. C.

This fellow Howard
Works in a mill,
In Brooklyn,
And of his own free will.
Yes, he needs sympathy,
And take it from Mim
While he may belong there,
He won't be long there! MIM.

Six battleships are all that Germany is to have, but the question of nomenclature is not settled. Our suggestions are the England, the France, the Italy, the America, the Japan, and the Australia.

Thanks for the Ad

[From a certain evening newspaper]

Certain critics have been renewing the fun in which American readers periodically indulge over the distorted depiction in English novels of our speech and manners. One of them points out in Stacy Aumonier's latest novel such attempts at Americanisms as "some considerable mix-up," "spring these surprise-packets," and "never reckoned to get to grips with." Stephen McKenna's new novel tries to palm off "I reckon on being fired."

If the closing of any more restaurants throws waiters out of employment, their training should not be wasted. There is always room for a scorner of the public as an employe of an automobile "service" station.

Poseur Galahad

Sir: The Party of Sacred Egoism who has only a roll and a cup of coffee in the morning was holding forth to me about his evening pastimes. "I got loads of friends. Everywhere. Drop around on 'em any night, any time, 6:30, 7 o'clock, makes no difference to them. 'Hello, Joe. Whyncha come for supper?' they all say. Never telephone 'em. Never make a date ahead. Come in and sit right down to the table!"

"Do they always have enough?" I inquired mildly. He glowered at me with resentment, taking it as a personal affront to him.

"Sure they do! Always have enough. Never know I'm coming till I'm there. Wouldn't make a date with anybody. . . . Loads of friends . . ." he mused. H. G.

The dignified leisure a magazine poet has arouses the verdant envy of hastier and jazzier minnesingers. Miss Amy Lowell has a poem, "Dried Marjoram," in the May Atlantic. "I had a queer experience about 'Dried Marjoram,'" she writes. "I came across the incident in an old book about Hampshire, as a true fact, and I promptly wrote the poem. After I had got it written and typed, somebody told me it was the same subject as Tennyson's 'Rizpah,' which I had never read." The newspaper versifier has no time, as a rule, even to have his verses typed, let alone time to show it to anybody but—well, for example, Old Clint Ball, who operates the minion machine. And if his lip curls with scorn as he lays the hot take on the galley, as who should say "Punko" or "Old Stuff," it generally is too late to kill the verses. Considering, however, the number of persons a magazine bard shows his manuscript to before sending it in, it is amazing that so much poetry is printed.

There is, as has been observed, beauty in the bellow of the blast. But what interests G. S. K. is that

Sig Spaeth is doing tennis for the Times,
And his wife is doing music for the Mail;
Under these unique conditions I should
think that their positions
Ought to cop 'em quite a quantity of kale.

"Thrice Armed Is He"—

[From the New York (N. Y.) Tribune]

He sat his brown charger, one hand on his bridle, the other clutching a sheaf of American beauties held across the saddle bow. Now and again his free arm snapped up to the salute.

Germany, it appears, is a non-resident, inactive member of the L. of N.

She has the privilege of paying dues.

F. P. A.

Psychopathic Germany

By William C. Dreher
Berlin Correspondent of The Tribune

BERLIN, April 15.—"The whole German people are now psychopathic. We are no longer able to act in a normal and reasonable way. We do and say the most absurd things with the most tremendous earnestness."

It was in words of such tenor that a German acquaintance spoke to me the other day. He was not the only one. Similar talk is heard from Germans everywhere. They see signs of this nervous overexcitability in all classes of society, in the acts and speeches of the ministers of government at Weimar, no less than in the suicidal strikes of the workingmen.

Nothing better illustrates the moral breakdown of the German people, their loss of self-control and amenability to discipline than just these strikes. The workmen evidently think that they have discovered Pandora's box in the coffers of their employers. They inaugurated, coincidentally with the outbreak of the revolution, a general movement for a big increase of wages, and they forced it through with a reckless and brutal energy that was irresistible. At the same time the eight-hour day was put into force where it did not exist before.

That Tardy Millennium

But all this did not bring the millennium fast enough. Eight hours were soon regarded as too long a workday; and wages were also discovered to be still too low in hard times like these, when prices for good things to eat have soared into the skies. Then plans were laid among the coal miners in the West for improving things.

Some three weeks ago a conference of the labor organizations of the miners was held, which adopted a programme for shortening still further the hours of work. It declared for a reduction to seven and one-half hours at the first of April, to seven hours next January, and finally to six hours on January 1, 1921. But having thus got a vision of good times to come, the miners lost all control of themselves. "Why not have the good times at once?" it was asked. So in one section of the coal region a strike was begun for six hours immediately. Then it spread to other sections, and now most of the miners are out for the six-hour day, and on top of that further increases of wages by 25 to 50 per cent.

And all this at a time when thousands of people are actually starving and when food has actually begun to arrive to save them.

Is it merely a case of nerves? Or is it partly political and economic fanaticism?

Doubtless both. But the case, however it may be explained, certainly shows a remarkable state of mind.

Minimum Work

That state of mind was aptly described by Minister Noske recently, in a speech before the National Assembly at Weimar. He said that many persons appear to think that socialization means to make an establishment serviceable to themselves, and that they can operate it at an enormous cost to the public. He was talking about some of the big government shops. At the government tailoring and shoe shops, for example, he said that work had dropped off to such an extent that the small quantities of uniforms and shoes needed by the present small volunteer forces could no longer be made at these government shops, but some work had to be given to private firms. In the great arms factories of Spandau, where the workmen put in their own managers at the time of the revolution, the wage list amounted in January to 42,000,000 marks; yet the work done, said Noske, was "at an absolute minimum." Strikes were forced there by terrorist methods, and even workmen making artificial limbs for war cripples were compelled to join in the strikes.

But the most "crying" case of German post-bellum mentality reported by Noske was this: In December a "Soviet" of deserters was organized at Berlin. It sent a deputation to him (he is Minister of National Defence) to demand formal recognition of their right to establish a central bureau, with a staff of ten persons, each to draw a salary of 25 marks a day from the public treasury, besides 50 marks as a discharge bonus and a suit of clothes. At first they demanded full pay since the day of desertion, with an additional sum to pay their board since then. They gave him to understand that "the deserters are a power," and granted him four days to think over the matter.

Another form of unreasonableness is found among the soldiers of the old army. Many of them refuse to be disbanded, because they do not want to work. At some of the barracks in Berlin the men have even moved in their families and settled down to stay. At the same sitting of the National Assembly one speaker told of the officers and troops at the two camps of Doeberitz and Adlershof, both near Berlin. He said they were costing the country 50,000,000 marks a year because they resisted demobilization with all their power. Yet there were many workmen among them badly needed in various industries. "Playing soldier," added the speaker, "has become a profitable business."

Dr. Suedekum, the Prussian Minister of Finance, added an interesting contribution to illustrate the most modern methods adopted by German workmen for forcing increased wages. He told of one great manufacturer who confessed that he had to grant unreasonably great advances in wages because he feared that he would otherwise be killed.

But the workmen are not the only unreasonable people in Germany at this time. Many men who are of far higher intelligence that workmen are running to extreme views and are saying some remarkably queer things. It is chiefly in regard to Bolshevism that their mental aberration displays itself, and "intellectual Bolshevism" is the latest fad among so-called progressive people. There are two distinct types of intellectual Bolshevists. First, there is the Bolshevist who merely toys with the theories of Lenine and Trotzky, or maybe will even try to put them into practice.

Conservative Bolsheviki

But there is a higher type of Bolshevist, or at least men who indulge in Bolshevist talk. These are struck with despair at Germany's dismal economic prospects. It is surprising to find how many men resign themselves to the thought that Germans should turn Bolshevist as a means for escaping "economic servitude."

The press just now is busily discussing an article by Professor Paul Eltzbacher, president of the Berlin Commercial University, and well known writer upon economic topics. He is a member of the old mossback Conservative party, which finds it so hard to adjust itself to revolutionary Germany. Now this highly Conservative scholar has just astonished all Germany by writing that "Bolshevism is the only thing that can help us." He says further: "We must boldly take upon ourselves all the evils with which Bolshevism threatens us in order to escape enslavement through our enemies, and we must unanimously see to it ourselves that Bolshevism shall come, . . . in the conviction that in the moment when Germany professes Bolshevism . . . the ways of Bolshevism will irresistibly submerge Western countries and sweep away a Clemenceau, a Lloyd George and all others who think that the world's cup of misery is not yet full enough." He takes comfort in the fact that "the Entente cannot squeeze billions yearly out of a Bolshevized Germany." He proposes that socialization proceed without compensation to owners, and that would involve no danger to Germany's economic interests, "since they cannot be damaged worse by Bolshevism than by the permanent blood-sucking threatened us by the Entente."

Flirting With the Abyss

In a similar strain Dr. Dernburg has recently written: "In the long run it is all one; whether Germany be ruined under the inhuman oppression and the hunger blockade of ostensibly civilized Western nations, or under the raging flood of Bolshevist ideas. Those are ideas which, however falsely deduced, aim at leading all humanity through blood and terror to a better existence, and if Germany goes down under such strokes it will have the satisfaction of Samson, that the ruins of the temple will carry down into the abyss also the guests at the banquet table."

And Professor Hans Delbrueck, the well known historian of Berlin University, who also is not a Bolshevist, also can contemplate a Bolshevist break-down in Germany with a certain grim satisfaction. He has just written this: "Reason must admonish us to hold fast to the Entente for jointly protecting and saving the thousand-year-old Teutonic-Latin civilization; but revenge, hatred and blindness in the Entente threaten to force us into ways that contradict all reason and yet seem inevitable. . . . If the Entente threatens to impose upon us conditions that shall kill us as badly economically as politically, then we have only one answer: 'Very well! Then you shall at least sink along with us into the abyss.'"

In Wonderland

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Eureka! An explanation at last of the modern Bedlam! It is Alice in Wonderland. She it was who reared the present generation and addled its brain in formation. Accustomed to stand on its head from the first, its natural logic is to be illogical; hence in this Wonderland of ours we must learn to take all things as matters of course.

For example, what was more to be expected in Wonderland than that we should reject the hand of Huerta, who had killed one man, yet remain for thirty-two months on terms of friendly handshaking with the assassin of whole nations?

What more natural in Wonderland than to take a firm stand for the equality and fraternity of all mankind, yet refuse it pointblank to the Japanese?

What else could we do, living in Wonderland, but deny the rightful claim of the Japanese to racial equality, yet accede to their wrongful claim to control a part of China?

Could anything be more reasonable in Wonderland than to insist on universal self-determination, yet make exceptions in the case of Shantung and Fiume?

And how could any 100 per cent Wonderland make the world safe for democracy save by establishing a world-wide big four (or three, or two, or one) autocracy?

Alice did it. I can sleep to-night in peace. "All's right with the world"—in Wonderland. EHEU FUGACES.

New York, May 5, 1919.

Those German Ships

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Once again, like a bad dream, up pops the scheme to sink all the captured battleships to the accompaniment of music. It would seem as if some better use could be devised for them, and with this in view I suggest the following as perfectly good ways of solving the difficulty:

First—Sell some of the smaller ones to different moving picture corporations, who thus will acquire in perpetuity a magnificent piece of "setting" for naval films.

Second—Tow all the larger ones to unused parts of harbors—such as New York, Philadelphia, etc.—and anchor them fast on the tide flats, and, with remodelled interiors, use them as apartment houses. This would help solve the housing problem and also be very remunerative to the fortunate cities which owned a "seaside apartment."

Third—Sell some to seashore resorts, who can either use them for housing war relics, etc., or have them properly wrecked on the beach. A real good wreck is an asset of great value to a shore resort.

Fourth—Use them for schoolhouses until our much needed new ones arrive. This use would make going to school much easier for the small boy.

And it would be easy to think up many other good uses for them. So why sink the ships, especially when the poor fishes must have had a surfeit of them lately?

HAROLD CHANNING.

New York, May 4, 1919.

Our Cuban Minister

New York Tribune Foreign Press Bureau

UNDER the caption "Minister Gonzalez" the "Heraldo de Cuba," a Havana newspaper, prints an editorial which says, in part:

"It appears that in all social classes a movement has been initiated against Mr. William Gonzalez, United States Minister in Cuba. 'Initiated' is perhaps not the right word; the situation is much more acute to-day. The minister has entered Cuba under a bad constellation. To begin with, the group calling itself society did not receive him with favor. It was a matter of slight errors as to social customs, of minor ambiguities revealing his recent entry into the diplomatic service and his extended residence in provincial towns. Society forgives anything except transgressions of this order. . . .

"However, the unfavorable impression was being attenuated by a group of men to which the present writer prides himself to belong. The minister demonstrated in all his utterances such love of Cuba, such affection for the Cuban people, that it appeared to us unjust to found sympathies on matters of minor importance. On the other hand, the minister seemed to comprehend, to an extent, that it was necessary for him to adapt himself to the requirements of the situation, and thus he assisted us in our errand.

In Domestic Quarrels

"We do not believe that we accomplished our object completely, as Mr. Gonzalez never became genuinely popular in the fashionable world, in spite of the fact that, later on, the President of our republic conspicuously favored him both in the drawing rooms and in clubs.

"When the revolution broke out, in February, the minister deemed it necessary to extend his sphere of action. Presently he established relations between himself and the public. From this hard trial he issued with difficulty. The public did not seem to be pleased with his attitude. It appeared to everybody that there was some sort of original sin about it; that he, identifying himself excessively with our domestic quarrels, emerged as a partisan, probably against his own will; that instead of serving the President with good counsel in moments when passion was about to get the better of the latter, Mr. Gonzalez served him in an inverse sense, inspiring him with the belief that any act of his, however violent and illegal it may be, was going to be backed by the most powerful nation in the world. The public thought that Mr. Gonzalez had traversed the distance which always ought to separate the head of the state and a minister of a foreign power, to the extent that he came to be dominated by General Menocal and advised his own government in accordance with General Menocal's desires. In the end he became one of that group of General Menocal's friends who actually govern this republic.

"The crisis passed, but the rancor persisted. The political simple-mindedness of the masses established a profound connection between General Menocal and Minister Gonzalez. The government appeared to be in the hands of the two men, and the mistakes of the former reflected upon the latter. . . .

The Camp of Partisanship

"To-day the general impression seems to be that the advices transmitted by Mr. Gonzalez to his government about the happenings in Cuba were colored by certain equivocations. There can be no doubt as to his good faith and disinterestedness, but he was animated by a sentiment of friendship which led him, involuntarily, into the camp of partisanship. . . . By and by, quite unconsciously, he became a Cuban instead of being the citizen representative of the United States.

"This is why his advices, without altering the truth, did not convey the whole truth; this is how he became the strongest support of a political situation in which power was usurped; this is why he, assuming the attitude of a friend, appeared in solidarity with all the errors of the President.

"The original mistake caused all the rest.

"And to-day the adverse comment of all is raining down upon his head. He who might have achieved great fame in our midst has become the target of abuses, and will go down in our history as the mere exponent of one of our administrations.

"We sympathize with him.

"The great nation deserves to be represented in Cuba by one who views with the greatest impartiality our problems, by one who does not condescend to our internal quarrels, by one who through his attitude becomes loved and respected equally by all.

"A plebiscite, held to ascertain the love of this people toward the American Union, would show that the percentage of those favorably minded has slightly decreased since Mr. Gonzalez stays in Cuba.

"General Crowder, that great specialist in recruiting and census taking, that expert in methods of grouping men, could easily handle such a plebiscite."

Chasers Ahoy!

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Submarine chasers, about forty in number, that were in actual contact with the enemy, are on their way home. They are now at the Azores and will arrive at Charleston, S. C., some time the end of this month, and from there will go to their base at New London, Conn.

May I suggest that the people of New York would like to welcome this section of the navy, which is as much entitled to recognition as were the larger ships?

There will be only about a thousand men to entertain, and I think we should finish our job of "welcoming home" by having these ships anchor in the river for a few days. GEORGE K. MAYO.

Brooklyn, May 5, 1919.

Wrestling With Orlando

Orlando shows a disposition to put the "it" in Italy.—*Boston Transcript.*

He's knocked the "i" out of Fiume.—*Detroit Journal.*

Long ago Bill Shakespeare warned Charles-the-Wrestler Wilson of what he might expect if he tackled young Orlando.—*Buffalo Express.*